THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, Auguſt 15, 1803.

The STORY *of the* COUNT SAINT JULIEN.

(Concluded from Page 110.)

THE count reſided with his uncle near a twelve-month; during which time his choice determined him to enter into the convent of La Trappe. I had then, ſaid the prior, been ſomewhat more than two years appointed the ſuperior of this houſe; and having formerly been well known to the good old chanoine, he wrote to me on the occaſion; intreating me in the moſt affectionate terms, that in recollection of the friendſhip we had once had for each other, whenever his nephew ſhould enter amongſt us, that I would ſometimes allow him to adviſe with me.

There was fortunately juſt then a vacancy, to which I immediately named him; and bidding an eternal adieu to his benevolent uncle, he was admitted into this convent, and in due time took the cowl. In the intercourſes which we had frequently together, he unfolded to me all the various occurrences of his unfortunate life; he ever ſpoke of them with a heartfelt ſigh; and his pious example was improving to many.

After he had reſided among us four years, his health began gradually to decay. The viciſſitudes of his fortune had probably much accelerated the approach of age; perhaps too, the auſterities of our order were too ſevere for a conſtitution, ſo early habituated to the blandiſhments of luxury; though he was ſtill able to attend moſt of our functions, and lived to compleat nearly his ſeventh year.

When his diſſolution was nigh, he was brought out into our church, on the matted ruſhes, in the ſame manner as you ſaw our brother of yeſterday; whilſt I, agreeably to our inſtitution, convened all the convent to witneſs his end. His mind appeared

perfectly clear; he exhorted, with a weak voice, thoſe around him, to perſevere in piety; and then addreſſed himſelf to me, with an eye that beſpoke all the diſtreſs of his heart.

"Holy father," ſays he, "a little ſpace, and I am numbered with the dead! The penitence I have exerciſed within theſe walls, hath, I truſt, waſhed away the ſtains that diſgraced my former life! In that confidence I ſink to my grave! one only anxiety agitates my boſom; it is for a ſon, whom my unhappy example may, I fear, have rendered miſerable. You, holy father, know my ſtory. Oh! if my long-loſt Frederick ſtill be living! Could he, but 'tis impoſſible, could he but ever hear, that the once abandoned heart of poor Saint Julien was reformed! could he but learn, with how many repentant tears I have wept for his forgiveneſs! how ardently in death wiſhed to bequeath him a bleſſing! it might haply turn his ſteps to virtue, and my ſpirit would depart without a ſigh!

"Gracious Heaven!" (exclaimed a monk, throwing back his cowl) "Gracious Heaven! thy will be done! Behold, behold thy Frederick kneels before you; as much unlike the libertine who left you, as you the parent from whom he fled! Oh, let me catch a bleſſing from your dying lips! and in a laſt embrace, be cancelled the remembrance of every thing that is paſt!"

The tranſport and amazement of ſo unhoped an interview, gave a ſudden impulſe to the blood; and invigorated a little longer, the powers of life.

"A few moments," ſays the count, (caſting a look of the moſt affectionate earneſtneſs on his ſon) "a few moments, and the knowledge of the world will avail me nothing! and yet my lingering ſpirit fain would know by what myſterious means we have thus met again?"

"Briefly let me ſay," returned Frederic, that on quitting Paris, I haſtened with the utmoſt ſpeed to Madrid; accompanied with the ſtrongeſt reſolution of amending an unfortunate life. After ſome time, I obtained a commiſſion in his catholic majeſty's ſervice, and was ſent into New Spain, to join my regiment. I was occaſionally ſtationed in various garriſons on the ſouthern continent; and at Mexico married the daughter of a deceaſed officer of Valencia, who had brought her thither with him from Europe. I began to experience the ſerenity and happineſs of virtue, and for five years, enjoyed in the ſociety of one of the beſt of women, every bleſſing my heart could deſire. Far removed from all who knew me, I here wiſhed to have ended my days, but my regiment being called home, and the climate having much affected the health of my wife, ſhe was anxious to return to Barcelona, which was her native air, and where ſhe had two aunts ſtill living, who had in her earlier years ſupplied a mother's loſs: and to whom I had not reſtored

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her ten months, when the hand of death diſſolved our union. Sick of the world, its follies, its diſappointments; all that endeared it to me gone before! and no pledge of love left behind, to hold me to it! I turned away from it without a ſingle regret, bequeathed to the family of the amiable being I mourned, the little fortune ſhe brought me: and nine years ago, under the aſſumed name of Lorenzo, withdrew myſelf into this monaſtery."

"Happy, my child," added Saint Julien, (preſſing his ſon's hand with a look of eager tenderneſs) "happy is it, that the Great Diſpoſer of Human Events hath ordained, that we meet in peace at laſt! Seven of thoſe years have we lived together in this place, though mutually unknown, often kneeling ſide by ſide at the ſame altar, often joining in the ſame devotions, and perhaps ſoliciting Heaven for each other. Oh! my Frederick! the crime which hath made thy heart moſt wretched, with the ſevereſt anguiſh hath tortured mine! I have injured thee much, but all is, I hope, atoned!"

"Father of Mercies!" cries the young man, the triumph's thine! How wonderfully hath thou dealt with us! making thoſe very crimes which were inſtrumental to our mutual misfortunes, inſtrumental in the end to our mutual converſion! But I talk to the duſt, he is paſſed away like a ſilent vapour!"

This was a ſcene, added the prior of ſo ſingular a nature, as to merit the being recorded; and I conceived it would not be unintereſting to a man of ſenſibility.

About three years after the death of Saint Julien, a fever ſeized ſeveral of our convent, and Frederick was one among thoſe to whom it proved fatal. He ſeemed ſenſible from the moment he was taken ill, that his diſorder would be mortal; he ſupported it with the utmoſt reſignation; requeſting, with his laſt breath, to be buried with his father; and in yonder corner, where the two white croſſes are raiſed on the turfed hillock, one grave contains them both.

I can aſſure you, ſays Amelia, that the complicated diſtreſs of your ſtory cannot be attended to without emotion, it is an event ſo extraordinary, that I much rejoice you have reſcued it from the ſilence of a monaſtery, though it is only in a monaſtery, and only in one of this order, that ſuch a circumſtance could have ariſen.

But I agree with you, that mankind is little benefitted by that virtue, which is only known and exerciſed within the walls of a convent. An avowed libertine reclaimed, or a good being ſtruggling with cheerful reſignation againſt the frowns of fortune, are much nobler objects of reſpect and imitation.

True, Madam, and your old woman at Draper's worth a thouſand enthuſiaſts.—*This ſtory will be given in our next.*

Particulars of the Wonderful Eſcape of Sir Sidney Smith from France.

[From a recent Publication, entitled "The Stranger in France."]

By JOHN CARR, Eſq.

FROM the legiſlative aſſembly (ſays Mr. Carr,) I went to pay my reſpects to the gallant Captain Bergeret, to whom I had letters of introduction. It will be remembered, that this diſtinguiſhed hero, in the Virginie, diſplayed the moſt undaunted courage, when ſhe was engaged by Sir Edward Pellew, in the Indefatigable, to whoſe ſuperior proweſs and naval knowledge he was obliged to ſtrike the tri-colour flag. His bravery and integrity have juſtly entitled him to the admiration and laſting friendſhip of his noble conqueror, and to the eſteem of the Britiſh nation. When Sir Sidney Smith was confined in the Temple, and Captain Bergeret a priſoner in England, the latter was ſent to France upon his parole, to endeavour to effect the exchange of Sir Sidney. The French government, which was then under the direction of ſome of the baſeſt and meaneſt of her tyrants, refuſed to liſten to the propoſal, and at the ſame time reſiſted the return of their own countryman.

The gallant Bergeret was reſolved to preſerve his word of honour unſullied, or to periſh in the attempt. Finding all his efforts to obtain the liberation of the illuſtrious captive unavailing, menaced with death if he departed, and invited by promiſed command and promotion if he remained, he contrived to quit his own country by ſtealth, and returned a voluntary exile to his generous and confiding conquerors.

From Captain B——'s hotel I went to the Temple, ſo celebrated in the gloomy hiſtory of the revolution. It ſtands in the Rue du Temple, in the Fauxbourg of that name. The entrance is handſome, and does not much impreſs the idea of the approach to a place of ſuch confinement. Over the gates is a pole, ſupporting a dirty and tattered bonnet rouge, of which ſpecies of republican decoration there are very few now to be ſeen in Paris. The door was opened to me by the principal gaoler, whoſe predeceſſor had been diſmiſſed on account of his imputed connivance in the eſcape of Sir Sidney Smith. His appearance ſeemed fully to qualify him for his ſavage office, and to inſure his ſuperiors againſt all future apprehenſion of a remiſſion of duty by any act of humanity, feeling, or commiſeration. He told me that he could not permit me to advance beyond the lodge, on account of a peremptory order which he had juſt received from government. From this place I had a full command of the walk and priſon, the latter of which is ſituated in the centre of the walls. He pointed out to me the window of the room in which

which the royal ſufferers languiſhed. As the ſtory of Sir Sidney Smith's eſcape from this priſon has been involved in ſome ambiguity, a ſhort recital of it will perhaps not prove unintereſting.

After ſeveral months had rolled away ſince the gates of his priſon had firſt cloſed upon the Britiſh hero, he obſerved that a lady who lived in an upper apartment on the oppoſite ſide of the ſtreet, ſeemed frequently to look towards that part of the priſon in which he was confined. As often as he obſerved her, he played ſome tender air upon his flute, by which, and by imitating every motion which ſhe made, he at length ſucceeded in fixing her attention upon him, and had the happineſs of remarking that ſhe occaſionally obſerved him with a glaſs. One morning when he ſaw that ſhe was attentively looking upon him in this manner, he tore a blank leaf from an old maſs-book which was lying in his cell, and with the foot of the chimney, contrived, by his finger, to deſcribe upon it, in a large character, the letter A, which he held to the window to be ſeen by his fair ſympathizing obſerver. After gazing upon it for ſome little time, ſhe nodded, to ſhew that ſhe underſtood what he meant. Sir Sidney then touched the top of the firſt bar of the grating of his window, which he wiſhed her to conſider as the repreſentative of the letter, the ſecond B, and ſo on, until he had formed, from the top of the bars, a correſponding number of letters; and by touching the middle and bottom parts of them, upon a line with each other, he eaſily, after having inculcated the firſt impreſſion of his wiſhes, completed a telegraphic alphabet. The proceſs of communication was, from its nature, very ſlow, but Sir Sidney had the happineſs of obſerving, upon forming the firſt word, that this excellent being, who beamed before him like a guardian angel, ſeemed completely to comprehend it, which ſhe expreſſed by an aſſenting movement of the head. Frequently obliged to deſiſt from this tacit and tedious intercourſe, from the dread of exciting the curioſity of the gaolers, or his fellow priſoners, who were permitted to walk before his window, Sir Sidney occupied ſeveral days in communicating to his unknown friend his name and quality, and imploring her to procure ſome unſuſpected royaliſt of conſequence an addreſs ſufficient for the undertaking, to effect his eſcape; in the atchievement of which he aſſured her, upon his word of honour, that whatever coſt might be incurred, would be amply reimburſed, and that the bounty and gratitude of his country would nobly renumerate thoſe who had the talent and bravery to accompliſh it. By the ſame means he enabled her to draw confidential and accredited bills for conſiderable ſums of money, for the promotion of the ſcheme, which ſhe applied with the moſt perfect integrity.

Colonel Phelipeaux was at this time at Paris; a military man of rank, and a ſecret royaliſt, moſt devoutly attached to the fortunes

tunes of the exiled family of France, and to thoſe who ſupported their cauſe. He had been long endeavouring to bring to maturity a plan for facilitating their reſtoration, but which the loyal adherent, from a ſeries of untoward and uncontroulable circumſtances, began to deſpair of accompliſhing. The lovely deliverer of Sir Sidney applied to this diſtinguiſhed character, to whom ſhe was known, and ſtated the ſingular correſpondence which had taken place between herſelf and the heroic captive in the Temple. Phelipeaux, who was acquainted with the fame of Sir Sidney, and chagrined at the failure of his former favourite ſcheme, embraced the preſent project with a ſort of prophetic enthuſiaſm, by which he hoped to reſtore to the Britiſh nation one of her greateſt heroes, who, by his ſkill and valour, might once more impreſs the common enemy with diſmay, augment the glory of his country, and cover himſelf with the laurels of future victory.

Intelligent, active, cool, daring, and inſinuating, Colonel Phelipeaux immediately applied himſelf to bring to maturity a plan at once ſuitable to his genius, and intereſting to his wiſhes. To thoſe whom it was neceſſary to employ upon the occaſion, he contrived to unite one of the clerks of the miniſter of the police, who forged his ſignature, with exact imitation, to an order for removing the body of Sir Sidney, from the Temple to the priſon of the Conciergerie: after this was accompliſhed, on the day after that on which the inſpector of gaols was to viſit the Temple and Conciergerie, a ceremony which is performed once a month in Paris, two gentlemen of tried courage and addreſs, who were previouſly inſtructed by Colonel Phelipeaux, diſguiſed as officers of marechauſſe, preſented themſelves in a fiacre at the Temple, and demanded the delivery of Sir Sidney, at the ſame time ſhowing the forged order for his removal. This the gaoler attentively peruſed and examined, as well as the miniſter's ſignature.—Soon after the regiſter of the priſon informed Sir Sidney of the order of the directory, upon hearing which, he at firſt appeared to be a little diſconcerted, upon which the pſeudo-officers gave him every aſſurance of the honour and mild intentions of the government towards him. Sir Sidney ſeemed more reconciled, packed up his clothes, took leave of his fellow-priſoners, and diſtributed little tokens of his gratitude to thoſe ſervants of the priſon from whom he had experienced indulgence. Upon the eve of their departure, the regiſter obſerved, that four of the priſon guard ſhould accompany them. This arrangement menaced the whole plan with immediate diſſolution. The officers, without betraying the leaſt emotion, acquieſced in the propriety of the meaſure, and gave orders for the men to be called out, when, as if recollecting the rank and honour of their illuſtrious priſoner, one of them addreſſed Sir Sidney, by ſaying, "Citizen, you are a brave officer, give us your parole, and there

is no occaſion for an eſcort." Sir Sidney replied, that he would pledge his faith, as an officer, to accompany them, without reſiſtance, wherever they choſe to conduct him.

Not a look or movement betrayed the intention of the party. Every thing was cool well-timed and natural. They entered a fiacre, which, as is uſual, was brought for the purpoſe of removing him, in which he found changes of clothes, falſe paſsports, and money. The coach moved with an accuſtomed pace to the Fauxbourg St. Germain, where they alighted, and parted in different directions. Sir Sidney met Colonel Phelipeaux at the appointed ſpot of rendezvous.

The project was ſo ably planned and conducted, that no one but the party concerned was acquainted with the eſcape until near a month had elapſed, when the inſpector paid his next periodical viſit. What pen can deſcribe the ſenſations of two ſuch men as Sir Sidney and Phelipeaux, when they firſt beheld each other in ſafety? Heaven befriended the generous and gallant exploit. Sir Sidney and his noble friend reached the French coaſt wholly unſuſpected, and committed themſelves to their God and to the protective genius of brave men, put to ſea in an open boat, and were ſoon afterwards diſcovered by an Engliſh cruiſing frigate, and brought in ſafety to the Britiſh ſhores.

The gallant Phelipeaux ſoon afterwards accompanied Sir Sidney in the Tigre to Acre, where, overwhelmed by the fatigue of that extraordinary campaign, in which he ſupported a diſtinguiſhed part, and the noxious influence of a ſultry climate, operating upon a delicate frame, he expired in the arms of his illuſtrious friend, who attended him to his grave, and ſhed the tears of gratitude and friendſhip over his honoured and lamented obſequies.

But ere the dying Phelipeaux cloſed his eyes, he received the rewards of his generous enterprize: he beheld the repulſed legions of the republic flying before the Britiſh banners and the irreſiſtible proweſs of his valiant companion; he beheld the diſtinguiſhed being, whom he had thus reſcued from a dungeon and impending deſtruction, by an act of almoſt romantic heroiſm, covered with the unparticipated glory of having overpowered a leader, who, renowned, and long accuſtomed to conqueſt, ſaw, for the firſt time, his INVINCIBLE TROOPS give way; who, inflamed to deſperation, deemed the perilous expoſure of his perſon neceſſary to rally them to the conteſt, over bridges of their ſlaughtered comrades, but who at length was obliged to retire from the field of battle, and to leave to the heroic Sir Sidney the excluſive exultation of announcing to his grateful and elated country that he had fought and vanquiſhed the laurelled conqueror of Italy and the bold invader of Egypt.

Narrative

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

(Continued from Page 105.]

THAT not merely a reform of parliament, however, but a total overthrow of the exiſting ſyſtem of government, and the erection of the Iriſh nation into an independent republic, unconnected with Britain, was from the beginning an object with ſome of the original framers of the ſociety, we have reaſon to ſuppoſe, particularly from their own declarations and correſpondence.

In their original declaration are the following words: "In the preſent great æra of reform, when unjuſt governments are falling in every quarter of Europe; when religious perſecution is compelled to abjure her tyranny over conſcience; when the rights of men are aſcertained in theory, and that theory ſubſtantiated by practice; when antiquity can no longer defend abſurd and oppreſſive forms againſt the common ſenſe and common intereſts of mankind; when all government is acknowledged to originate from the people, and to be ſo far only obligatory, as it protects their rights and promotes their welfare, we think it our duty, as Iriſhmen, to come forward and ſtate what we feel to be our heavy grievance, and what we know to be its effectual remedy.

"We have no national government. We are ruled by Engliſhmen, and the ſervants of Engliſhmen, whoſe object is the intereſt of another country; whoſe inſtrument is corruption; whoſe ſtrength is the weakneſs of Ireland; and theſe men have the whole of the power and patronage of the country, as means to ſeduce and ſubdue the honeſty and the ſpirit of her repreſentatives in the legiſlature. Such an extrinſic power, acting with uniform force in a direction too frequently oppoſite to the true line of our obvious intereſts, can be reſiſted with effect ſolely by unanimity, deciſion, and ſpirit in the people—qualities which may be exerted moſt legally, conſtitutionally, and efficaciouſly, by that great meaſure eſſential to the proſperity and freedom of Ireland—an equal repreſentation of all the people in parliament."*

That the reform here profeſſed was rather an oſtenſible than real object, exhibited for the purpoſe of uniting reformers with revolutioniſts, appears from a letter, addreſſed on the occaſion to his friends in Belfaſt, by Theobald Wolfe Tone, a lawyer of uncommonly high talents and induſtry, and one of the original framers of the inſtitution, of which letter the following is an extract. "The foregoing contain my true and ſincere opinion of the ſtate of this country, ſo far as in the preſent juncture it

* Appendix to the report, &c. No. 2.

may be adviſeable to publiſh it. They certainly fall ſhort of the truth, but truth itſelf muſt ſometimes condeſcend to temporiſe: my unalterable opinion is, that the bane of Iriſh proſperity is in the influence of England: I believe that influence will ever be extended while the connexion between the two countries continues; nevertheleſs, as I know that opinion is for the preſent too hardy, though a very little time may eſtabliſh it univerſally, I have not made it a part of the reſolutions. I have only propoſed to ſet up a reformed parliament as a barrier againſt that miſchief, which every honeſt man that will open his eyes muſt ſee, in every inſtance, overbears the intereſt of Ireland. I have not ſaid one word that looks like a wiſh for ſeparation, though I give it to you and your friends as my moſt decided opinion, that ſuch an event would be a regeneration to this country."*

The aſſociation was extended in Dublin and the northern counties with induſtry and ſucceſs. The latter was greatly promoted by the diſpleaſure occaſioned by the French war—a miniſterial meaſure adopted apparently without reaſon, and ſo highly condemned by many in the nation as to add prodigiouſly to the number of malecontents in both the Britiſh kingdoms.—The rapacious inſolence of the ſoldiery alſo, which had been very unwiſely overlooked, or not ſufficiently reſtrained, in the firſt years of this war, was certainly not well calculated for the promotion of affectionate ſentiments toward adminiſtration, in the lower claſſes of the people in general throughout the kingdom. In the marches of troops, on change of quarters, the horſes of the farmers and peaſants, preſſed for the carriage of baggage, were brought to unreaſonable diſtances, and ſeverely abuſed, unleſs money was given by their owners to procure better treatment. Sometimes the carts were loſt, and various other inconveniences occurred. Where they halted in their march, the ſoldiers diſperſed themſelves over the neighbourhood, ſeizing horſes of which they had no need, merely to force the owners to releaſe them by the payment of money. The accommodation of ſoldiers billetted was alſo ſeverely felt by ſome who were expoſed to it from their ſituation; and money was extorted on this ground alſo. After ſome time, the grievance of preſſing was redreſſed in a great meaſure, perhaps partly by more attention to diſcipline, but certainly by the allowance of better hire for the tranſportation of baggage, by which the neceſſity, and conſequently the pretence, of compulſive employment, was in a conſiderable degree removed.

Diſcontents roſe high on account alſo of the militia bill, which enacted compulſory levies of ſoldiers for the internal defence of the kingdom. On a return of the names of the

* Appendix to the report, &c. No. 2.

males in each diſtrict of the military age, lots were drawn, and thoſe on whom the chance fell, were obliged to enliſt as ſoldiers for four years, to find ſubſtitutes, or to pay fines. Some individuals, unable to pay, ſuſtained the ſeizure and ſale of their goods; and ſome for intemperate expreſſions of diſcontent were committed to gaol. To make the burthen bear more equally, ſubſcriptions were generally propoſed and adopted to raiſe money for the enliſting of ſoldiers; and theſe ſubſcriptions were for the time a heavy tax on peaſants and citizens; but it was only temporary, for when this new ſpecies of army was once embodied, ſmall bounties were found ſufficient to entice recruits for the filling of augmentations or vacancies.

Not relying wholly on its force at home, the chiefs of the ſociety made application to the French government; and in April, 1796, an invaſion of Ireland was promiſed by the latter for the ſubverſion of the Britiſh power in Ireland, and the political diſruption of this iſland from Britain. The offer was accepted, on condition that the invading army ſhould act as auxiliaries under the direction and pay of the ſociety, which, on becoming poſſeſſed of the dominion, ſhould be bound to reimburſe the whole expences of the armament.

The vigilance of government penetrated the deſign of internal hoſtility and external alliance; and as the exiſting laws were totally inadequate to ſtop the progreſs of the conſpiracy, new powers were conceded by the legiſlature to the executive adminiſtration. In October, 1796, parliament ſuſpended the law of Habeas Corpus, and thereby gave authority to impriſon obnoxious perſons without cauſe aſſigned, or definite period of trial. In the ſpring of the ſame year alſo, a temporary law, termed the Inſurrection Act, had paſſed, levelled immediately againſt an irregular confederacy of men, who, under the name of defenders, infeſted the counties of Roſcommon, Leitrim, Longford, Meath, and Kildare, deſpoiling in the night the peaceable inhabitants of their arms, and latterly alſo of their money and valuable effects. By this act the lord lieutenant in council was authorized to proclaim, on the requiſition of ſeven of its magiſtrates, aſſembled at a ſeſſions of the peace, any county or diſtrict thereof, as in a ſtate of diſturbance, and thereby to inveſt the magiſtrates with an extraordinary power of ſeizing, impriſoning, and ſending aboard his majeſty's fleet, ſuch perſons as ſhould be found at unlawful aſſemblies, or otherwiſe acting ſo as to threaten the public tranquillity.

The operation of theſe temporary laws was forcibly felt in the latter part of this, and in the courſe of the following year. Conſiderable numbers of gentlemen, or perſons in reſpectable ſituations of life, were arreſted on private informations of their engagement in the conſpiracy, and lodged in priſon, many for a great length of time without opportunity of trial. Many diſtricts

triſts in the northern counties were proclaimed, and numbers of the lower claſſes of men ſent on board the king's navy.

(To be continued.)

Hiſtory of Dwyer, a celebrated Iriſh Rebel Chief.

THIS very extraordinary man, who ever ſince the late rebellion has maintained himſelf and his gang in the receſſes of the Wicklow mountains, conſtantly refuſing all offers of amneſty or pardon, and mocking and baffling all attempts to take or deſtroy him in conſequence of the great rewards offered by government, now becomes more than ever an object of public attention and curioſity in the united country.

The humble and obſcure hiſtory of the early life of this deſperado preſents nothing worthy of notice. Born in the wilds of Wicklow, his firſt ſituation in life was that of a cow-boy, and afterwards was employed as a labourer in tanners' yards, till the breaking out of the late rebellion, at which time, being about ſix or ſeven and twenty years of age, he ranged himſelf, with enthuſiaſm, under the banners of inſurrection; and though always foremoſt in danger, had the good fortune to retire unhurt through all the battles of that deplorable conteſt. When the rebellion was put down, and moſt of the leaders, with their partizans, haſtened to avail themſelves of the act of amneſty, Dwyer rejected the merciful offers of the government, and withdrew, accompanied by a choſen band, into the faſtneſſes of his native mountains, where he has ſince kept his ground, bidding defiance to all the parties ſent out from time to time againſt him. There is nothing more extraordinary in what relates to this man, than his ſurpriſing means of obtaining ſecret information.

On a certain night, three men who had before, we believe, been privates in the Meath militia, and one of whom was the firſt that adminiſtered to his then chief, the oath of an United Iriſhman, ſuddenly deſerted from his gang. Dwyer inſtantly concluded that they had been tempted by the reward to betray him, of which he not only ſoon after received a confirmation from his emiſſaries, but alſo intelligence of the night on which they were to ſet out for the purpoſe of ſecuring him. Being, as they thought, well acquainted with all his haunts, they made little doubt of their ſucceſs, but were way-laid by Dwyer, who put them to death with his own hand, not ſuffering his companions to interfere in what he conſidered, or at leaſt repreſented to be, his juſt and perſonal revenge. After this, however, he became more wary and ſuſpicious of ſome of his aſſociates, and therefore inviting thoſe on whom he could leaſt rely, to a dinner in a diſtant quarter, he, after the feaſt was over, told them, that as there was no longer any chance of French aſſiſtance, and the

people in general ſeemed diſpoſed to ſubmiſſion, he found it in vain to hold out any longer; he muſt, of courſe, diſmiſs them, and adviſed them to diſperſe, and return to their families, but never again to appear in the vicinity of thoſe mountains. The whiſkey punch was then circulated until his companions became inſenſibly drunk, and when they awoke from their debauch, could find no traces of their former leader, who ſoon recruited his loſs by the acceſſion of others, on whoſe fidelity he could have more dependence.

Though a rebel and a plunderer, this man does not appear to be of a cruel or ſanguinary diſpoſition. We are in poſſeſſion of many anecdotes reſpecting him, the recital of a few of which will ſerve to convey ſome idea of his character. Towards the cloſe of the rebellion, Dwyer and his party were purſued by Mr. Hume, a magiſtrate of the county, ſince killed, attended by a detachment of the military. Mr. Hume was ſaid to be much irritated againſt this chief on account of the frequent depredations committed on his tenants in the neighbourhood, and following him briſkly as he was croſſing a bog, fired a long piſtol at him, but without effect. Dwyer turned about fiercely, but recollecting himſelf, ſaid, "I will no return your fire, becauſe I know that my family got their bread under you, you *yellow thief!* But you had better let me alone; and as to your tenants, they need not fly either from me or my people. Bid them return to their farms, and I ſhall take care to protect them." Though this might be ſuſpected as a gaſconade, or a piece of *fineſſe*, ſeveral farmers did return, and ſhortly after one of them was plundered of all his property by a banditti calling themſelves Captain Dwyer's men. This ſoon reached the ear of Dwyer, who on the next night ſucceeded in diſcovering where the booty lay, and ſent it, as well as three of the plunderers, with a ſtrong eſcort, to the next party of the royaliſts.

At another time an innkeeper, at whoſe houſe he frequently regaled both himſelf and his men, allured by the reward, ſent information of the time when his next viſit was expected, and a party of picked ſoldiers in diſguiſe, to the number of ſeven, but exceedingly well armed, were ſtationed in the houſe to watch for, and apprehend him. Dwyer had notice of this from the innkeeper's daughter, with whom it ſeems the captain was a particular favourite, and putting himſelf at the head of a reſolute and daring band, ſurrounded the houſe, and ſuddenly ruſhing on the ſoldiers, diſarmed them, while they were trembling with the apprehenſions of being maſſacred, Dwyer, who did not offer them further violence, called to ſome of his people, ſaying, "Go and bring ſome mutton for theſe poor people, who have travelled a long way, and muſt be in need of refreſhment; take care to bring alſo a keg of the beſt whiſkey."

The

The command was of courſe obeyed with promptitude, and after regaling his gueſts in a very hearty and plentiful manner, he ſaid, " You are now at liberty to go wherever you pleaſe, and leſt you may be puniſhed for the loſs of your arms, you may take your muſkets with you. I have already taken care to ſecure all your communications. I have not the ſlighteſt reſentment againſt you, for it was your duty to obey your orders, and to take me if you could."

In one of his excurſions he ſtopped at the houſe of a farmer, whom he had known to be attached to the cauſe of the rebels, and reproached him for not having ſent him or his party a pig, or any other kind of contribution. The farmer excuſed himſelf by ſaying, " that the times were ſo bad as to reduce him to diſtreſs, and that he had that day been ſerved with an ejectment on account of being unable to pay 40l. which he owed for rent."—" Oh! if that be the caſe," replied the marauder, " though my treaſury does not overflow, here is the 40l. for you, and remain quietly in your farm."

Early in the laſt ſpring a ſurvey was taken of that part of the country, and a place marked out for the erection of a barrack, at the entrance of a glen, called Glenmerlore, which it was ſuppoſed would ſoon afford the facility of exploring the faſtneſſes, receſſes, and caverns of the rebels. The work proceeded with great rapidity, and without the ſmalleſt moleſtation, till the month of June laſt, when preparations were making to roof and occupy the building. In the night time, however, when things ſeemed to be in the greateſt forwardneſs, Dwyer appeared at the head of a ſtrong party, and, laying a ſufficient train of powder, blew it from the foundation, ſo that there appeared ſcarcely a veſtige of it in the morning.

It muſt be a matter of aſtoniſhment, that an active, powerful, and vigilant government, could never ſucceed in exterminating this banditti from theſe mountains, however difficult or inacceſſible they may at firſt ſight appear. The rebel, who is intimately acquainted with the topography of the place, has his regular videts and ſcouts upon the *qui vive*, in all the moſt advantageous points, who, on the appearance of alarm, or the approach of ſtrangers, blow their whiſtles, which reſound through the innumerable caverns, and are the ſignals for a general muſter to thoſe hardy deſperadoes. They are generally ſuperintended by the chief himſelf, or by his brother-in-law of the name of Byrne, a determined fellow, in whom alone he places an unlimited confidence. They are both great adepts at diſguiſing their faces and perſons, and are thought to pay frequent viſits to the metropolis, though they never have been detected.

Dwyer is an active, vigorous fellow, about five feet nine inches high, with ſomething of a ſtoop about the ſhoulders: He has a ruddy

ruddy complexion, with lively, penetrating eyes; and is ſaid to be wonderfully patient of fatigue, and fearleſs of every kind of danger.

Sketch of the Life and Writings of the late Lord Monboddo.

THAT learned lawyer, James Burnet, Lord Monboddo, was born about the year 1730. He received his education at a Scottiſh univerſity. At that time the claſſic literature of Greece and Rome was much in vogue, and hence he imbibed that love for the learned languages, which he preſerved with an uncommon tenacity to his dying day.

At a proper age he devoted himſelf to the ſtudy of the law with great intenſeneſs, and ſoon became diſtinguiſhed for his proficiency; and, what facilitated his ſtudies, the forms and maxims of the Roman civil law are interwoven into the ancient laws of Scotland. All this time he cheriſhed his ardent attachment to the Greek and Roman languages, which had been the ſubject of his ſtudy at the univerſity.

In the year 1767, ſuch was his progreſs in his profeſſion, aided by his family connexions, that he was conſtituted judge, and took his place on the bench in the court of ſeſſion. In this department he always acquitted himſelf with ſingular integrity. Inſtances of his ability and impartiality might be eaſily adduced: but ſuch inſtances, however praiſe-worthy, cannot be entertaining to the readers of our miſcellany.

At the period when Lord Monboddo firſt came forward into public life, the taſte of the Scottiſh literati was refined and improved. Hume, Robertſon, and other writers of the ſame ſtamp, were then beginning to weave around their brows thoſe laurels with which they have ſince been ſo abundantly encircled. Elegance, therefore, in the writing of the Engliſh language, was the grand ſtudy, and this was attained. But Lord Monboddo thought he ſaw in the procedure a neglect of the ancients, a contempt for that eaſe and ſimplicity for which the writers of antiquity have been juſtly celebrated: hence he meditated and even began his principal work, "The Origin and Progreſs of Language."

Here he unfolded the flores of ancient literature; the hidden treaſures of former times were ranſacked and held up with unremitting diligence to the admiring view of poſterity.

The ſucceſs of the above work, on its publication in Scotland, was very ſmall; in England it was ſomewhat better received. The Greek tongue he extolled as a model of perfection; and indeed every thing the Greeks ſaid or did appeared to him at the ſummit of perfection. Amidſt every diſcouraging

circumſtance of authorſhip, it was to him ſome degree of conſolation that he was noticed by the univerſity of Oxford.

One laughable circumſtance which occurred in his learned inveſtigations was, that he aſſerted that MEN, in the earlier ſtages of ſociety, were a kind of *orang-outang*, whoſe form bears a ſtrong reſemblance to the human appearance! He even ſuggeſted that theſe rude men, who want articulate language, muſt have had tails! Of this appendage, however, it has been remarked, that "they gradually diveſted themſelves, either by attentions to the breed, like thoſe of a Cully or a Bakewell, or by continually docking, till the tail was utterly extinguiſhed even in the progeny."

The ſubject of our memoir married rather early in life, Miſs Farquharſon, an amiable woman, by whom he had two ſons and a daughter. Rigidly temperate in all his enjoyments, he delighted much in convivial ſociety. Lord Gardenſtone, a man of mild and amiable manners, was his particular friend; indeed among all thoſe who pretended to a love of literature, he was admired for his erudition and integrity.

During the vacations of the court of ſeſſion, he uſed to retire every ſpring and autumn into the country. In this ſecluded ſtate he acted as the father of his numerous tenants, and lived in a ſtyle of great ſimplicity. Here it was, upon his own eſtate, that Boſwell introduced Johnſon to him, and ſome very curious converſations took place between them. Indeed it was a truly original ſight to ſee theſe two gentlemen, diſtinguiſhed for their intellectual and literary eminence, meeting together, and diſcuſſing with perfect eaſe and freedom topics which, from their difficulty and abſtruſeneſs, had long perplexed the learned world. It was the pride of Boſwell to bring them together, and the literati expected ſome ſparring at leaſt, though many looked for a downright contention. However both parties preſerved their temper in their reſpective diſcuſſions: thus the friends of both were happily diſappointed.

His lordſhip now publiſhed another work, entitled "Ancient Metaphyſics," which was deſigned to unfold and vindicate the principles of the Grecian philoſophy. By bringing forward the ideas of Ariſtotle and Plato, he meant to confound Hume and his followers, on the one hand, and on the other, Reid, Beattie, and other doughty opponents of the ancient philoſophy. This performance, owing to his peculiar views, was leſs popular than "The Origin and Progreſs of Language." It has been ſaid, that though very ingenious, yet metaphyſical ſcience appears almoſt equally uncouth and abſtruſe, as in the volumes of the monkiſh ſchoolmen.

This extraordinary man viſited London frequently, in order to enjoy the converſe of literary men. This long journey, from Edinburgh to the Britiſh metropolis, he performed on horſeback,

horſeback, attended only by a ſingle ſervant. As a carriage was not in common uſe among the ancients, he reprobated the contrivance as an engine of effeminacy and ſloth; nay, he has been known to declare, that to be dragged at the tail of a horſe, inſtead of mounting upon his back, was a ludicrous degradation of the dignity of human nature.

When in London, he frequented the court, and was frequently noticed by his Majeſty in a manner which muſt have been flattering to his feelings. Mrs. Montague's houſe he often viſited, and to Mr. Harris, the author of "Hermes," he was warmly attached; upon his death there was a ſenſible diminution of the pleaſure he derived from the ſociety of London. His conſtitution was ſtrengthened by exerciſe, guarded by temperance, and he preſerved an evenneſs of mind which could not be broken down by the uſual ravages of the paſſions. He was fond of the air-bath, that is, occaſionally walking about naked for ſome minutes in a room filled with freſh and cool air: he was convinced of its ſalutary efficacy.

About ſix years previous to his deceaſe, his lordſhip loſt a moſt lovely daughter, who was married to Kirkpatrick Williamſon, Eſq. holding a reſpectable office in the court of ſeſſion: ſhe died of a conſumption. This is the lady who is praiſed in one of the papers in "The Mirror," as rejecting the moſt advantageous offers of ſettlement in marriage, that "ſhe might amuſe a father's lonelineſs, nurſe the ſickly infirmity of his age, and cheer him with all the tender cares of filial affection." Burns, the poet, who had been warmly patroniſed by this lady and her father, thus celebrates her virtues and graces, which were of the ſuperior kind:

"Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
"Gay as the gilded ſummer ſky,
"Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
"Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
"Fair B—— ſtrikes the adoring eye,
"Heaven's beauties on my fancy ſhine,
"I ſee the Sire of Love on high,
"And own his work indeed divine!"

The loſs of ſuch a daughter accelerated the parent's diſſolution. Lord Monboddo ſoon drooped in health and ſpirits, and fell into a ſtate of extreme imbecility. Yet to the laſt he purſued his favourite ſtudies. Though poſſeſſed of many eccentricities, yet he was reſpected by his connexions, beloved by his family, and revered for his profound lucubrations by the learned world.

ANECDOTE.

THE following anecdote is related by a gentleman lately returned from France: A man of notorious celebrity in the annals of ſmuggling, and whoſe name is Johnſon, had by ſome extraordinary exertions, eſcaped from a priſon in London about eight or ten months ago. He fled to the continent, and I believe principally reſided at Fluſhing. On the commencement of hoſtilities this man was arreſted by order of the French government, and conveyed to a priſon at Boulogne. He was accuſed of having piloted the Engliſh fleet to the Helder, during the laſt war, when our army invaded Holland under the command of the ever to be lamented Abercrombie. In a few days after Johnſon was lodged in confinement, a marine officer (who for ſome time paſt hath been ſeduloufly employed in obtaining Engliſh pilots) called upon him, and after ſome preliminary obſervations, entered upon the chief object of his miſſion.—"I am told," ſaid the officer, "you are well acquainted with the oppoſite coaſt."—"I know every ſounding and creek," replied Johnſon, "and what then?"—"Why, my good friend, continued the viſitor, if you will engage to pilot a certain diviſion of the French fleet to the Engliſh coaſt, and conduct yourſelf on that occaſion with fidelity, I am directed to ſay a general pardon will not only be granted you, but an ample proviſion ſettled upon you during the remainder of your life." The anſwer of this virtuous delinquent ſhould never be forgotten. "Sir," replied Johnſon, "I have not been kindly treated by my country, but notwithſtanding this I cannot be a traitor. I conſider your propoſal, Sir, as an inſult, and treat it with the diſdain it merits."

The officer admiring his principles and reſolution, endeavoured to ſooth him into compliance, which Johnſon obſerving, very calmly ſaid to him—"Do not endeavour, Sir, to render me a villain in my own eſtimation; indeed, were I to undertake the treaſon you propoſe, I am confident in the hour of trial my heart would guide to my duty, and I ſhould betray you." This roufed the Frenchman, who exclaimed, "then villain, you ſhall die." "With all my heart," ſaid Johnſon, and in a tone of voice highly expreſſive of his determination, "the ſooner the better; I am prepared; I have no favour to aſk but one; over my grave let it be written in legible characters—*Here lies an honourable Engliſh ſmuggler, who ſcorned to betray his country!*"

Thus ended the converſation, and the hero now remains in priſon at Boulogne, with no other chance for life than his acquieſcing in the above propoſal.

Anſwer, by a Young Lady, to the Charade, inſerted June 27, on the Name of a celebrated Performer.

YOUR charade, my good Sir, I have ſurely found out,
That you're RICHER, to day, is beyond e'en a doubt,
At Plymouth your benefit was ſurely a *thumper*,
And at Dock you was RICHER your night by a *bumper*.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Orlando, H. Humphreys, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; T. Adey, of Poole; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; Nebuchadnezzar; and Laurel Branch, of Parnaſſus.

Anſwer, by R. Horſey, of Wellington, to T. Rutger's Charade, inſerted June 27.

BY your charade is plainly told,
A roving TARTAR fierce and bold.

*** We have received the like anſwer from S. L. Margary, of Newton Abbot; Laurel Branch, of Parnaſſus; J. B. Bloomfield, and T. Adey, of Poole; and A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth.

A CHARADE, *by T. Furze, of Mevagiſſey.*

AVAUNT my firſt! nor dare my peace annoy,
Left in my anger I thy life deſtroy;
More dang'rous next, Oh flee from his fell jaws,
Nor dare approach where nature gives them laws:
Fear not my whole, tho' ſuperſtition reign,
'Tis but a phantom riſing from the brain.

A CHARADE, *by T. Rutger, of Clowance.*

TAKE firſt a term in law well known,
Which is too often found,
Rending thoſe hearts where love and peace
Ought always to be found.
My firſt now plainly brought to view,
Then for my ſecond take
An enemy to wicked men,
Which makes the guilty ſhake.
I hail my whole! Sweet goddeſs! wing thy way;
Diffuſe among mankind thy cordial ray;
May nations feel thy power their ſov'reign lord,
And hold thee ſacred all with one accord.

An ENIGMA, *by Orlando, of Exeter.*

I'M induſtry's child, and produc'd by much care,
Much toil, and much labour and dread;
Yet I'm frequently deſtin'd to float in the air,
When the ſky only covers my head;
But I chiefly reſide in an old crazy houſe,
Or caſtle that time has decay'd;
My companion's a bat, a ſcreech-owl, or mouſe,
Which from men and from day-light have ſtray'd.
I ſometimes am found in the manſion of peace,
As a cottage is frequently nam'd;
If a female appears, then adieu to my peace,
And my preſence oft makes them aſham'd.

POETRY.

On FRIENDSHIP.

By WILLIAM COWPER, *Esq.*

" Amicitia nisi inter bonos esse non " potest."—*Cicero.*

WHAT virtue can we name, or grace,
But men unqualified and base,
Will boast it their possession?
Profusion apes the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
And dullness of discretion.

But as the gem of richest cost
Is ever counterfeited most,
So always imitation
Employs the utmost skill she can
To counterfeit the faithful man,
The friend of long duration.

Some will pronounce me too severe,
But long experience speaks me clear,
Therefore, that censure scorning,
I will proceed to mark the shelves,
On which so many dash themselves,
And give the simple warning.

Youth unadmonish'd by a guide,
Will trust to any fair outside,
An error soon corrected:
For who but learns with riper years,
That man when smoothest he appears,
Is most to be suspected?

But here again a danger lies,
Left thus deluded by our eyes,
And taking trash for treasure,
We should, when undeceiv'd, conclude
Friendship imaginary good,
A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition rather rare
Is yet no subject of despair:
Nor should it seem distressful,
If either on forbidden ground,
Or where it was not to be found,
We sought it unsuccessful.

No friendship will abide the test,
That stands on sordid interest
And mean self-love erected;
Nor such, as may awhile subsist
'Twixt sensualist and sensualist,
For vicious ends connected.

Who hopes a friend, should have a heart
Himself, well furnish'd for the part,
And ready on occasion
To shew the virtue that he seeks;
For 'tis an union that bespeaks
A just reciprocation.

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
By ceaseless sharp corrosion:
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys disperse
At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite
With hope of permanent delight:
The secret just committed
They drop, thro' mere desire to prate,
Forgetting its important weight,
And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,
If envy chance to creep in.
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dang'rous foe indeed,
But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possess'd,
So jealousy looks forth distress'd,
On good that seems approaching;
And if success his steps attend,
Discerns a rival in a friend,
And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illustrious name,
Unless belied by common fame,
Are sadly prone to quarrel;
To deem the wit a friend displays
So much of loss to their own praise,
And pluck each other's laurel.

A man, renown'd for repartee,
Will seldom scruple to make free
With friendship's finest feeling;
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And tell you 'twas a special jest,
By way of balm for healing.

Beware of tattlers! keep your ear
Close stopp'd against the tales they bear,
Fruits of their own invention!
The separation of chief friends
Is what their kindness most intends,
Their sport is your dissension.

Friendship, that wantonly admits
A joco-serious play of wits
In brilliant altercation,
Is union such as indicates
Like hand-in-hand insurance plates,
Danger of conflagration.

Some

Some fickle creatures boaſt a ſoul
True as the needle to the pole,
  Yet ſhifting like the weather,
The needle's conſtancy forego
For any novelty, and ſhew
  Its variations rather.

Inſenſibility makes ſome
Unſeaſonably deaf and dumb
  When moſt you need their pity;
'Tis waiting till the tears ſhall fall
From Gog and Magog in Guildhall,
  Thoſe playthings of the city.

The great and ſmall but rarely meet
On terms of amity complete:
  Th' attempt would ſcarce be madder,
Should any from the bottom hope
At one huge ſtride to reach the top
  Of an erected ladder.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
Their het'rogeneous politics
  Without an effervescence,
Such as of ſalts with lemon juice,
But which is rarely known t' induce,
  Like that, a coaleſcence.

Religion ſhould extinguiſh ſtrife,
And make a calm of human life.
  But even thoſe who differ
Only on topics left at large,
How fiercely will they fight and charge!
  No combatants are ſtiffer.

To prove, alas! my main intent,
Needs no great coſt of argument,
  No cutting and contriving.
Seeking a real friend, we ſeem
T' adopt the chemiſt's golden dream,
  With ſtill leſs hope of thriving.

Then judge before you chuſe your man,
Ascircumſpectly as you can,
  And, having made election,
See that no diſreſpect of your's,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
  Enfeeble his affection.

It is not timber, lead, and ſtone
An architect requires alone,
  To finiſh a great building;
The palace were but half complete,
Could he by any chance forget
  The carving and the gilding.

As ſimilarity of mind,
Or ſomething not to be defin'd,
  Firſt rivets our attention;
So manners decent and polite,
The ſame we practis'd at firſt ſight,
  Muſt ſave it from declenſion.

The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
Andproves by thumping on your back
  His ſenſe of your great merit,
Is ſuch a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,
  To pardon or to bear it.

Some friends make this their prudent plan,
Say little, and hear all you can,
  Safe policy, but hateful!
So barren ſands imbibe the ſhow'r,
But render neither fruit nor flow'r
  Unpleaſant nor ungrateful

They whiſper trivial things and ſmall;
But to communicate at all
  Things ſerious, deem improper.
Their ſœculence and froth they ſhew,
But keep their beſt contents below,
  Juſt like a ſimm'ring copper.

Theſe ſamples (for, alas! at laſt
Theſe are but ſamples, and a taſte
  Of evils yet unmention'd)
May prove the taſk, a taſk indeed,
In which 'tis much if we ſucceed,
  However well intention'd.

Purſue the theme, and you ſhall find
A diſciplin'd and furniſh'd mind
  To be at leaſt expedient;
And, after ſumming all the reſt,
Religion ruling in the breaſt
  A principal ingredient.

True friendſhip has in ſhort a grace
More than terreſtrial in its face,
  That proves it Heaven-deſcended.
Man's love of woman not ſo pure,
Nor, when ſincereſt, ſo ſecure,
  To laſt till life is ended!

ODE *on* TIME.

By Miſs SEWARD.

O'ER him, by health and fortune crown'd,
  Time ſteals with ſtep ſo fleet,
Scarce are his faint impreſſions found
On the gay forehead's open round,
  Or ſhining orb of ſight.

Smooth as the young Camilla, borne
  With printleſs ſtep and fleet
O'er plenteous fields of ripen'd corn,
Whoſe bending ſtalks the gales of morn
  Bow on the paſſing feet.

But o'er the dim form, preſs'd by woes,
  He treads with heavy pace,
Sweeps his broad ſcythe, and as he goes
Down falls the ſummer pride, and ſhows
  Worn nature's furrow'd face.

S.